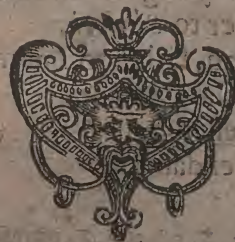


March 1637
The most excellent
Historie of the Merchants
of VENICE.

With the extreame crueltie of *Shylocke*
the Iewe towards the said Merchant, in
cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the ob-
taining of *PORTIA* by the choice
of three Chests.

As it hath beene divers times acted by the
Lord Chamberlaine his Servants.

Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



LONDON,

Printed by *M. P.* for *Laurence Hayes*, and are to be sold
at his Shop on Fleetbridge. 1637.





The Comical History of the Merchant of Venice.

Enter *Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.*

Anth. **I**N sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne:

And such a want-wit sadnesse makes of me,
That I have much adoe to know my selfe.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly sayle,
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the Sea,
Doe over-peere the pettie-traffiquers,
That courisie to them doe them reverence,
As they flie by them with their woven vvings.

Salan. Beleeve me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the vvinde,
Prying in Maps for Ports, and Peeres, and Rodes:
And every object that might make me feare
Mis-fortunes to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My vvind cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a vvind too great might doe at sea.
I should not see the sandie houre-glasse runne,
But I should thinke of Shallowes and of Flatts,
And see my vvealthy *Andrew* docksin sand,
Vayling her high top lower then her ribs,

A 2

To



The Comical Historie of

To kisse her buriall ; should I goe to Church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side,
Would scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enroabe the roaring water with my filkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought
That such a thing bechanc'd vvould make me sad ?
But tell not me, I know *Antonio*
Is sad to thinke upon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeve me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
Vpon the fortune of this present yeare :
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sala. Why then you are in love. *Anth.* Fie, fie.

Sal. Not in love neither : then let us say you are sad
Because you are not merry ; and twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time :
Some that will evermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a Pagpiper.
And other of such Vineger aspect,
That they'l not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* sweare the jest be laughable.

Enter *Bassanio*, *Lorenzo*, and *Gratiano*.

Sala. Here comes *Bassanio* your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenzo*. Fare ye well,
We leave you now vvith better company.

Salan. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very deare in my regard.
I take it your owne businesse calls on you,
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow my good Lords.

Bass.

the Merchant of Venice.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ? say, when ?
You grow exceeding strange : must it be so ?

Sal. Weele make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt *Salarino*, and *Salanio*.

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you have found *Antonio*,
We two will leave you, but at dinner time
I pray you have in minde vvhere vve must meete.

Bass. I vvill not faile you.

Gra. You looke not vvell signior *Antonio*,
You have too much respect upon the vvorld :
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeve me you are mervellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the vvorld but as the vvorld, *Gratiano*,
A stage, vvhere every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckes come,
And let my liver rather heate vvith vvine
Then my heart coole vvith mortifying groanes.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandfire, cut in Alabaster :
Sleepe when he vvakes ? and creepe into the Iaundies
By being peevish ? I tell thee vvhat *Antonio*,
I love thee, and tis my love that speakes :
There are a sort of men whose visages
Doe creame and mantle like a standing Pond,
And doe a wilfull stilnesse entertaine,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of vvisdome, gravitie, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am fir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Antonio* I doe know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise
For saying nothing ; when I am very sure
If they should speake, would almost dant those cares,
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
He tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholy baite

A 3

For

The Comickall Historie of

For this foole Gudgin, this Opinion :

Come good *Lorenzo*, fare ye vvvell awhile,

Ile end my Exhortation after dinner.

Loren. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.

I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,

For *Gratiano* never lets me speake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares more,

Thou shalt not know the found of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Fare you well, Ile grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks yfaith, for silence is onely commendable

In a neats tongue dried, and a mayd not vendible.

Exeunt.

Ant. It is that any thing now.

Bass. *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing more then any man in all *Venice*; his reasons are as two graines of wheat hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shal seeke all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now vvhat Lady is the same,

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,

That you to day promis'd to tell me of.

Bass. Tis not unknowne to you *Antonio*,

Hovv much I have disabled mine estate,

By something shovving a more swelling port,

Than my faint meanes would grant continuance:

Nor doe I now make moane to be abridg'd

From such a noble rate, but my chiefe care

Is to come fairely off from the great debts,

Wherein my time something too prodigall

Hath left me gag'd: to you *Antonio*,

I owe the most in money and in love,

And from your love I have a vvarrantie

To unburthen all my plots and purposes,

Hovv to get cleare of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,

And if it stand as you your selfe still doe,

Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,

My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes

Lycall unlockt to your occasions.

Bass. In my Schoole daies, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot

the Merchant of Venice.

I shot his fellow of the selfe same flight

The selfe same vvay, vvith more advised watch,

To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,

I oft found both: I urge this child-hood prooffe,

Because what followes is pure innocence.

I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth

That which I owe is lost; but if you please

To shoot another arrow that selfe way

Which you did shoot the first, I doe not doubt,

As I will watch the ayre, or to find both,

Or bring your latter hazzard backe againe,

And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

An. You know me well, and herein spend but time

To winde about my love with circumstance,

And out of doubt you do me now more vvrong

In making question of my uttermost

Then if you had made vvast of all I have:

Then doe but say to me vvhat I should doe

That in your knowledge may by me be done,

And I am prest unto it; therefore speake.

Bass. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,

And she is faire, and fairer then that vvord,

Of vvondrous vertues; sometimes from her eyes

I did receive faire speechlesse messages:

Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervallew'd

To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,

Nor is the wide vvorld ignorant of her vvorth,

For the foure vvinds blow in from every coast

Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,

Which makes her seat of *Belmont* *Cholchos* strond;

And many *Iasons* come in quest of her.

O my *Antonio*, had I but the meanes

To hold a rivall place vvith one of them;

I have a minde presages me such thrife

That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Anth. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,

Neither have I money, nor commoditie

To

The Comickall Historie of

To raise a present summe; therefore goe forth,
Trie what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That shall be rackt even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmount* to faire *Portia*.
Goe presently enquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

Exeunt.

Enter *Portia* with her waiting-woman *Nerrissa*.

Por. By my troth *Nerrissa*, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same aboundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing; it is no meane happines therefore to be seated in the meane, superfluitie comes sooner by white haire, but compencencie lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well follow'd.

Por. If to do were as easie as to know what were good to do, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallaces, it is a good divine that followes his owne instructions, I can easie teach twenty what were good to be done, then to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching: the braine may devise lawes for the blood, but a hote temper leapes ore a cold decree, such a hare is madnes the youth, to skip ore the meshes of good counsell the cripple; but this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband, O mee the word choose, I may neither choose who I would, nor refuse who I dislike, so is the wil of a lyving daughter curbd by the will of a dead father: is it not harde *Nerrissa*, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your Father was ever vertuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations, therefore the lottry that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love: But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princely suiters that are already come?

Por.

the Merchant of Venice.

Por. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description, leuell at my affection.

Ner. First there is the *Neapolitane* Prince.

Por. I, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talke of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts, that he can shooe him himsele: I am much asfear'd my Ladie his mother plaid false with a Smith.

Ner. Then is there the Countie *Palentine*.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, and you will not have me, choose; he heares merry tales and smiles not; I feare hee will prove the weeping Philosopher vwhen hee growes old, being so full of unmannerly sadnesse in his youth.) I had rather be married to a Death-head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these: God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, *Monsieur Le Bourne*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but hee, why hee hath a horse better than the *Neopolitans*, a better bad habite of frowning than the Count *Palentine*, he is every man in no man; if a Trassell sing, he straight fals a capering; he will fence with his owne shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madnesse, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to *Fauconbridge*, the young Baron of *England*?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the Court, and sweare that I have a poore pennyworth in the English: he is a proper mans picture, but alas, who can converse with a dumbe show? how odly he is suted, I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germanie*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What thinke you of the Scottish Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a box of the eare of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him againe when he was able: I thinke the Frenchman became his Suretie, and seal'd under for another.

B

Ner.

The Comicall Historie of

Ner. How like you the young Germaine; the Duke of Saxo-
nics nephew?

Por. Very vildly in the morning when hee is sober, and most
videly in the afternoone when he is drunke: when he is best, he is
a little worse then a man, and when he is worst he is little better
then a beast, and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make
shift to goe without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket,
you should refuse to performe your Fathers will, if you should
refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set a deepe
glasse of Reynish wine on the contrary Casket, for if the Devill
be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose
it. I will doe any thing *Nerrissa* ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the having any of these Lords,
they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is in-
deed to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more
sute, unlesse you may be wonne by some other sort then your Fa-
thers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I live to be old as *Sibilla*, I will die as chaste as *Diana*,
unlesse I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad
this parcell of woers are so reasonable, for there is not one among
them but I doat on his very absence: and I pray God grant them
a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Lady, in your Fathers time, a Ve-
netian, a Scholler and a Souldier that came hither in company of
the Marquesse of *Mountferrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I thinke so was he call'd.

Ner. True Madam, he of all the men that ever my foolish eies
look'd upon, vvas the best deserving a faire Ladie.

Por. I remember him wel, & I remember him worthy of thy
How now, what newes? (praise.

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. The foure strangers seeke for you Madam, to take their
leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of
Moroco, who brings word the Prince his Master will be here to
night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with so good heart as I
can

the Merchant of Venice.

can bid the other foure farewell, I should be glad of his approach:
if he have the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a Devil,
I had rather he should shrive me then wive me. Come *Nerrissa*,
firra goe before: whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, ano-
ther knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bassanio with Shilocke the Jew.

Shy. Three thousand Ducates, well.

Bas. I sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Bas. For the which as I told you, *Antonio* shall be bound.

Shy. *Antonio* shall be come bound, vyell.

Bas. May you sted me? Will you pleasure me?

Shall I know your answer.

Shy. Three thousand Ducats for three months,
and *Antonio* bound.

Bas. Your answer to that. *Shy.* *Antonio* is a good man.

Bas. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying hee is a good
man, is to have you understand mee that hee is sufficient, yet his
meanes are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to *Tripolis*,
another to the *Indies*, I understand moreover upon the *Ryalta*, hee
hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, and other ventures
he hath squandred abroad, but Ships are but boardes, Saylers but
men, there be land Rats, and water Rats, water Theeves, and
land Theeves, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the petill of wa-
ters, vvindes, and Rockes: the man is notwithstanding suffici-
ent; three thousand Ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Bas. Be assur'd you may.

Jew. I will be assur'd I may: and that I may be assur'd, I will
bethinke me, may I speake with *Antonio*?

Bas. If it please you to dine with us.

Jew. Yes, to smell Porke, to eate of the habitation which your
Prophet the Nazarit conjured the devil into: I wil buy with you,
sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following:
but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you.
What newes on the *Rialto*, who is he comes heere?

Bas. This is signior *Antonio*.

Enter Antonio.

Jew. How like a fawning publican he looks.

B 2

I hate

The Comickall Historie of

I hate him, for he is a Christian:
But more, for that in low simplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of usance here with us in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes,
Even there vvhether Merchants most doe congregate,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls Interest: Cursed be my Tribe
If I forgive him. *Bass: Shylocke*, doe you heare?

Shyl. I am debating of my present store,
And by the neere guesse of my memorie,
I cannot instantly raise up the grosse
Of full three thousand Ducats: vvhhat of that?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me; but soft, how many months
Doe you desire? Rest you faire good Signior,
Your worship vvas the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a custome: is he yet possesse?
How much ye would? *Shyl.* I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shyl. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your Bond: and let me see, but heare you,
Me thought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon advantage. *Ant.* I doe never use it.

Shyl. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* Sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* vvas
(As his wife Mother vvrought in his behalfe)
The third Possessor; I, hee vvas the third.

Ant. And vvhhat of him, did he take Interest?

Shyl. No, not take Interest, not as you would say
Directly Interest; marke vvhhat *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himselfe vvas comprimiz'd,
That all the Euelings vvhich vvhere streak't and pied

Should

the Merchant of Venice.

Should fall as *Iacobs* hire, the Ewes being ranke
In end of Autumne, turned to the Rammes;
And vvhhen the worke of generation was
Betweene these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull Shepherd pyl'd me certaine vvands;
And in the doing of the deed of kinde,
He stucke them up before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceaving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd Lambs, and those vvcre *Iacobs*.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is Blessing, if men steale it not.

Ant. This vvas a venture Sir, that *Iacob* serv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But swaid and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make Interest good;
Or is your gold and silver, Ewes and Rammes?

Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast;
But note mee Signior.

Ant. Marke you this, *Bassanio*,
The Devill can cite Scripture for his purpose;
An evill soule producing holy vvitness,
Is like a villaine with a smiling checke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly out-side Falshood hath!

Shyl. Three thousand Ducats, 'tis a good round Sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, shall we be beholding to you?

Shyl. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft,
In the Ryalto, you have rated mee
About my monies and my usances,
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug:
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe)
You call me mis-beleeve, cut-throat dog,
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that vvhich is mine owne.
Well then, it now appears you need my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylocke, we would have monies, you say so:

B 3

You

The Comical Historie of

You that did voyd your rhime upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurne a stranger curre
Over your threshold: moneyes is your sute;
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a Dog money? is it possible,
A Curre can lend three thousand Ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last,
You spurn'd me such a day another time,
You call'd me Dogge: and for these curtesies
Ile lend you this much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spet on the againe, to spurne thee to.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends: for when did friendship take
A breed for barren mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine Enemy,
Who if hee breake, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty. *Shy.* Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doyt
Of Vsance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me:
This is kind I offer. *Ant.* This were kindnesse.

Shy. This kindnesse will I shew:
Goe with mee to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single Bond, and in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such summe or summes as are
Exprest in the Condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content in faith, Ile seale to such a Bond,
And say there is much kindnesse in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seale to such a Bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my necessitie.

Ant. Why

the Merchant of Venice.

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This Bond expires, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the value of this Bond.

Shy. O father *Abram*, what these Christians are,
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
If he should breake his day, what should I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates; I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so, if not, adiew,
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes *Shyllocke*, I will seale unto this Bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notaries,
Give him direction for this merry Bond,
And I will goe and purse the Ducats strait,
See to my house left in the fearefull guard
Of an unthrifte knave, and presently
Ile be with you. *Exit. Ant.* Hie thee gentle Jew.
The Hebrew will turne Christian, he growes kinde.

Bass. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Morochus, a tawny Moore all in white, and three or foure
followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerrissa, & their traine.*

Moroc. Mislike me not for my Complexion,
The shadowed Livery of the burnisht Sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fayrest Creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phabus* fire scarce thawes the yficles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; (by my Love I sweare)

The

The Comickall Historie of

The best regarded Virgins of our Clime
Have lov'd it too: I vvould not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts, my gentle Queene.

Por. In termes of choise, I am not solely led
By nice direction of a Maidens eyes:
Besides, the Lotterie of my Destinie
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.
But if my Father had not scanted mee,
And hedg'd me by his vvrit, to yeeld my selfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you;
Your selfe (renowned Prince) then stood as faire
As any commer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection. *Mor.* Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this *Symitare*
That slew the *Sophy*, and a Persian Prince,
That won three fields of *Sultan Solymán*;
I would ore-stare the sternest eyes that looke,
Out-brave the Heart most daring on the earth,
Plucke the young sucking Cubs from the she-Bears;
Yea, mock the Lyon vvhen a rores for pray,
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice,
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Misse that which one unworthier may attaine,
And die with grieving. *Por.* You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not, come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the Temple, after dinner
Your hazzard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest or curs'dst amongst men.

Exeunt.

Enter

the Merchant of Venice.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to runne from
this Iewe my Master: the fiend is at my elbow, and temps me,
saying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe, good Lancelot, or good Iobbe,*
or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, use your legges, take the start, runne a-
way; my conscience sayes no, take heede honest *Launcelet*, take
heede honest *Iobbe*, or as afore-saide honest *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe
not runne, scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most coragi-
ous fiend bids me packe, *fia* sayes the fiend, away sayes the fiend,
for the heavens rouse up a brave minde sayes the fiend, and runne;
well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, sayes
very wisely to me: my honest friend *Launcelet* being an honest
mans sonne, or rather an honest womans sonne; for indeede my
Father did something smacke, something grow to; he had a kind
of tast; well, my conscience sayes *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge sayes
the fiend, bouge not sayes my conscience; conscience, say I, you
counsell well, fiend, say I, you counsell well, to be rul'd by my con-
science, I should stay with the Iewe my Master, (who God bleffe
the marke) is a kinde of devill; and to runne away from the Iew
I should be ruled by the fiend, who saving your reverence is the
devill himsele: certainly the Iew is the very devill incarnation,
and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kinde of hard consci-
ence, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the Iewe, the fiend
give the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles
are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gobbo. Master young-man, you I pray you, which is the way
to master Iewes?

Launcelet. O heavens, this is my true begotten Father, who be-
ing more then sand blinde, high gravell blinde, knowes me not; I
will try confusions with him.

Gobbo. Master young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way
to Master Iewes.

Launcelet. Turne up on your right hand at the next turning,
but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next
turning turne of no hand, but turne down indirectly to the Iewes
house.

B

Gobbo

The Comickall Historie of

Gob. Be Gods fonties 'twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Launcelet. Talke you of young Master *Launcelet*, marke mee now, now will I raise the vvaters; talke you of young Master *Launcelet*.

Gobbo. No Master sir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to live.

Launc. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talke of young Master *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your vvorships friend and *Launcelet* sir.

Launc. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talke you of young Master *Launcelet*?

Gob. Of *Launcelet* ant shall please your worship.

Launc. *Ergo*, Master *Launcelet*, talke not of Master *Launcelet* Father, for the young Gentleman according to Fates and Destinies, and such odd sayings, the Sisters three, and such branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine termes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid, the boy was the very staffe of my age, my very prop.

Launc. Doe I looke like a cudgell, or a hovell post, a staffe, or a prop: doe you know me Father?

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy, God rest his soule, alive or dead.

Launc. Doe you not know me Father?

Gob. Alack sir I am Sand-blind, I know you not.

Launcelet. Nay, indeede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing of me: it is a wise Father that knowes his owne childe. VVell, old man, I will tell you newes of your Sonne, give mee your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot bee hidde long, a mans Sonne may, but in the ende, truth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you sir stand up, I am sure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Launce. Pray you let's have no more fooling, about it, but give mee

the Merchant of Venice.

mee your blessing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my Sonne.

Launc. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Iewes man, and I am sure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* in deede, ile be sworne, if thou be *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chinne, then Dobbins my phil-horse has on his taile.

Launc. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changd: how dost thou and thy Master agree, I have brought him a present; how gree you now?

Launc. Well, well, but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have runne some ground; my Master's a very Iewe, give him a present, give him a halter, I am famisht in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, give me your present to one Master *Bassanio*, who indeede gives rare new Lyveries, if I serve not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iewe if I serve the Iewe any longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bas. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clocke: see these Letters delivered, put the Liveries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Launc. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worship.

Bass. Gramercie, wouldst thou ought with me?

Gob. Heere's my Sonne sir, a poore boy.

Launc. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Iews man, that would sir, as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serve.

Launc. Indee the short and the long is, I serve the Iew, and have a desire as my Father shall specifie.

C 2

Gob.

The Comickall Historie of

Gob. His Master and he (saving your worships reverence) are scarce catercosins.

Lann. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iew having done me wrong, doth cause me as my father being I hope an old man shall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have heere a dish of Doves that I would bestow upon you worship, and my sute is.

Lann. In very briefe, the sute is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Baf. One speake for both, what would you?

Lann. Serve, you sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter sir.

Baf. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy sute,
Shylocke thy Master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferd thee, if it bee preferment
To leave a rich Iewes service, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clowne. The old proverb is very well parted between my Master *Shylocke* and you sir, you have the grace of God sir, and hee hath enough.

Baf. Thou speakest it well; goe Father with thy Sonne,
Take leave of thy old Master, and enquire
My lodging out: give him a Livery
More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

Clowne. Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I have nere a tong in my head: well, if any man in *Italy* have a fayrer table which doth offer to sweare upon a booke, I shall have good fortune; go too, heere's a simple lyne of life, heeres a small trifle of wives, alas, fiftene wives is nothing; a leven widdowes and nine maides is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a featherbed here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, He take my leave of the Iew in the twinkling.
Exit Clowne.

Baf. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
These things being bought and orderly bestowed,
Returne in hast, for I doe feast to night

My

the Merchant of Venice.

My best esteemd acquaintance, hie, thee goe.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein. *Exit Leon.*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Master? *Leonar.* Yonder sir he walketh.

Grati. Signior *Bassanio.* *Baf.* Gratiano.

Gra. I have a sute to you. *Baf.* You have obraind it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must goe with you to

Baf. VVhy then you must, but heare me *Gratiano,*

Thou art to wild, to rude, and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults:
But where thou art not known, why there they show
Something too liberrall; pray thee take paine
To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wild behaviour
I be misconfired in the place I goe to,
And lose my hope. *Gra.* Signior *Bassanio,* heare me,

If I doe not put on a sober habite,
Talke with respect, and sweare but now and then,
VVear prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen:
VVe all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, never trust me more.

Baf. VVell, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
By what we doe to night. *Baf.* No, that were pittie,

I would intreat you rather to put on
Your boldest sute of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: but fare you well,
I have some busines.

Gra. And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest,
But we will visit you at supper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iessica and the Clowne.

Ies. I am sorry thou wilt leave my Father so,
Our house is hell, and thou a merry Devill,

C 3

Didst

The Comickall Historie of

Didst rob it of some taste of tediousnesse;
But fare thee well, there is a Ducate for thee,
And *Launcelet*, soone at supper shalt thou see
Lorenso, who is thy new Masters guest,
Give him this Letter, doe it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my Father
See me in talke with thee.

Clowne. Adiew, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pa-
gan, most sweet Iewe; if a Christian doe not play the Knave and
get thee, I am much deceived; but adiew, these foolish drops
doe something drowne my manly spirit: adiew. *Exit*.

Ies. Farewell good *Launcelet*.
Alacke, what heinous sinne is it in me
To be asham'd to bee my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenso*,
If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. *Exit*.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenso, Salarino, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will flinke away in Supper time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Grat. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of Torch-bearers.

Salan. Tis vile unlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not undertooke.

Loren. Tis now but foure of clocke, we have two houres
To furnish vs; friend *Launcelet* what's the newes.

Enter Launcelet.

Launcelet. And it shall please you to breake up this, it shall
seeme to signifie.

Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on
Is the faire hand that writ. *Grat*. Love, newes in faith.

Launc. By your leave sir. *Loren*. Whither goest thou,

Launc. Marry sir, to bid my olde Master the Iewe to sup to
night with my new Master the Christian.

Loren. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Iessica*

I will

the Merchant of Venice.

I will not faile her, speake it privatly.
Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night,
I am provided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clowne.*

Salar. I marry, Ile be gone about it strait.

Salan. And so will I.

Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano*, at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence. *Salar*. Tis good we doe so. *Exit.*

Grat. Was not that Letter from faire *Iessica*.

Loren. I must needes tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and jewels she is furnisht with,
What Pages sute shee hath in readinesse:
If ere the Iewe her Father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughters sake,
And never dare misfortune crosse her foote,
Vnlesse she doe it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse Iewe:
Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Faith *Iessica* shall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Iewe and his man that was the Clowne.

Iew. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy iudge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Bassanio*;
What *Iessica*, thou shalt not gurmardize
As thou hast done with me: what *Iessica*,
And sleepe, and shone, and rend apparell out.
Why *Iessica* I say. *Clowne*. VVhy *Iessica*.

Shy. VVho bids thee call? I doe not bid thee call.

Clow. Your worship was wont to tell me,
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Iessica.

Iessica. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper *Iessica*,
There are my keyes: but wherefore should I goe?
I am not bid for love, they flatter me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feed upon
The prodigall Christian. *Iessica* my girle,
Looke to my house, I am right loth to goe,

There

The Comicall Historie of

There is some ill a bruising towards my rest,
For I did dreame of money baggs to night.

Clowne. I beseech you sir goe, my young Master
doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So doe I his.

Clowne. And they have conspired together, I will not say you
shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that
my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday last, at fixe a clocke ith
morning, falling out that yeere on ash wensday was foure yeare in
th'afternoone.

Shy. What are there maskes? heare you me *Iessica*,
Locke up my doores, and when you heare the drumme,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Pisse,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete,
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces:
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By *Jacobs* staffe I sweare,
I have no minde of feasting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me sirra,
Say I will come. *Clowne.* I will goe before sir.
Mistres looke out at window for all this,
There will come a Christian by
Will be worth a Jewes eye.

Shy. What sayes that foole of *Hagars* off-spring? ha.

Ies. His words were farewell mistris, nothing els.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile-slow in profit, and he sleepest by day
More then the wilde-Cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to wast
His borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediatly,
Doe as I bid you, shut doores after you, fast binde, fast finde.
A Proverbe never stale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

Ies. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a Father, you a daughter lost. *Exit.*

Enter

the Merchant of Venice.

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salerino.

Grat. This is the penthouse under which *Lorenzo*,
Desired us to make stand. *Saler.* His houre is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvell he out-dwells his houre,
For Lovers ever runne before the clocke.

Saler. O tenne times faster *Venus* pidgeons flye
To seale Loves bonds new made, then they are wont,
To keepe obliged faith unforfeited.

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?
Where is the horse that doth untread againe
His tedious measures, with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first: all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased then enjoyd.
How like a younger, or a prodigall,
The skarfed Barke puts from her native Bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind,
How like the Prodigall doth she returne
With over-weatherd ribbs and ragged sailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet wind?

Enter Lorenzo.

Saler. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my affaires, have made you waite:
When you shall please to play the theeves for wives,
Ile watch as long for you then: approach,
Here dwels my Father Iew. Hoe, whose within?

Iessica above.

Ies. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that I doe know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo* and thy Love.

Ies. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my Love indeed,
For who love I so much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witnesse that thou art.

Ies. Here catch this Casker, it is worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you doe not looke on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:

D

But

The Comickall Historie of

But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit:
For if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush,
To see me thus trans-formed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my Torch-bearer.

Ies. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves goodsooth are too too light.
Why, tis an office of discovery, Loue,
And I should be obscur'd. *Lor.* So are you sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy; but come at once,
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stayd for at *Bassanio's* Feast.

Ies. I will make fast the doores, and guild my selfe
With some moe ducats, and be with you straight.

Grat. Now by my Hood a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrow me but I love her heartily.
For shee is wise, if I can judge of her,
And faire shee is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true shee is, as shee hath proov'd her selfe:
And therefore like her selfe, wise, fayre and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule. *Enter Iessica.*
What, art thou come? on Gentlemen, away,
Our Masking mates by this time for us stay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Whose there?

Grat. Signior *Anthonio*?

Anth. Fie, fie *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you:
No Maske to night, the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will goe abourd.
I have sent twenty out to seeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight,
Then to be under-sayle, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morochio, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the Curtaines, and discover
The severall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyse.

Mor. This

the Merchant of Venice.

Mor. This first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chuseth me, shall gaine what many men desire.

The second Silver, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth mee, shall get as much as hee deserves.

This third dull Lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuseth mee, must give and hazard all hee hath.
How shall I know if I doe chuse the right?

Per. The one of them containes my picture, Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my judgement; let me see,
I will survey th'inscriptions backe againe:
What sayes this Leaden Casket?

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

Must give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This Casket threatens men that hazard all,
Doe it in hope of faire Advantages:

A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of drosse,
He then nor give nor hazard ought for lead.

What sayes the Silver with her Virgin hue?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves: pause there *Morochio*,

And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou bee'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough

May not extend so farre as to the Lady:

And yet to be afraid of my deserving

Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.

As much as I deserve; why thats the Lady.

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding:

But more then these, in love I do deserve;

What if I straid no farther, but chose heere?

Lets see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire;

Why thats the Lady, all the world desires her,

From the foure corners of the earth they come

To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.

The Hircanian deserts, and the vastie wildes

D 2

Of

The Comical Historie of

Of wilde *Arabia* are as through-fares now;
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The watrie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre
To stop the forraine spirits, but they come,
As ore a brooke, to see faire *Portia*.
One of these three contains her heavenly Picture.
Is it like that Lead contains her? 'twere damnation
To thinke so base a thought; it were too grosse
To ribb her seared cloth in the obscure grave:
Or shall I thinke in silver shee's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalewed to tryde gold.
O sinfull thought, never so rich a Jew
Was set in worse then gold. They have in *England*
A Coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stamp't in Gold, but that's insculpt upon:
But heere an Angell in a golden Bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the Key,
Here doe I choose, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince; and if my forme lie there,
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what have we heare, a carrion death,
Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroole?
He reade the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold.
Often have you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my out-side to behold;
Gilded Timber doe wormes infold:
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbes, in judgement old,
Your answere had not been inscrol'd.
Fare yee well, your sute is cold.*

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adiew, I have too greev'd a heart,
To take a tedious leave: thus toofers part.

Exit.

Portia

the Merchant of Venice.

Port. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, go,
Let all of his complection choose me so. *Exeunt.*

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Sal. VVhy man I saw *Bassanio* under sayle,
VVith him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their Ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The villaine Jew with out-cries raide the Duke,
VVho went with him to search *Bassanio's* Ship.

Sal. He came too late, the Ship was under Saile,
But there the Duke was given to understand,
That in a *Gondylo* were seene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Jessica*.
Besides, *Antonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Bassanio* in his Ship.

Solan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dogge Iewe did utter in the streets;
My daughter, o my Ducats, o my Daughter!
Fled with a Christian, o my Christian Ducats.
Iustice, the Law, my Ducats, and my Daughter,
A sealed bagge, two sealed bagges of Ducats,
Of double Ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
And Jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolne by my Daughter: Iustice, finde the girle,
Shee hath the stones upon her, and the Ducats.

Salar. Why, all the boyes in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his Stones, his Daughter, and his Ducats.

Solan. Let good *Antonio* looke he keepe his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Solar. Marry well remembred;
I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday.
Who told me, in the narrow Seas that part
The French and English, there miscaried
A Vessell of our Countrey richly fraught:
I thought upon *Antonio* when he told me,
And wisht in silence that it were not his.

Sol. You were best to tell *Antonio* what you heare,

D 3

Yet

The Comical Historie of

Yet do not suddenly, for it may greeve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part,

Bassanio told him he would make some speed

Of his returne: he answered, do not so,

Slumber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,

But stay the very riping of the time;

And for the Iewes bond which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your minde of love:

Be merry, and imploy your chiefeft thoughts

To Courtship, and such faire ostents of love

As shall conveniently become you there,

And even there his eye being big with teares,

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

And with affection wondrous sensible

He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

Sol. I thinke he onely loves the world for him,

I pray thee let us go and find him out,

And quicken his embraced heavinesse

With some delight or other.

Sal. Do we so. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Nerrissa* and a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,

The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,

And comes to his election presently.

Enter *Arragon*, his traine and *Portia*.

Por. Behold, there stand the Caskets noble Prince,

If you choose that wherein I am containd,

Straight shall our nupriall rights be solemniz'd:

But if you faile, without more speech my Lord

You must be gone from hence immediately.

Arra. I am enioynd by oath to observe three things,

First, never to unfold to any one

Which Casket twas I chose; next, if I faile

Of the right Casket, never in my life

To wooe a maide in way of marriage:

Lastly.

the Merchant of Venice.

Lastly, if I do faile in fortune of my choyse,

Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth sweare

That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Arr. And so have I addrest me; fortune now

To my hearts hope: gold, silver, and base lead.

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

You shall looke fairer ere I give or hazard.

What sayes the golden chest, ha, let me see,

Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire,

What many men desire, that many may be meant

By the foole multitude that choose by show,

Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,

Which pries not to th'inheritour, but like the Martlet

Builds in the weather on the out ward wall,

Even in the force and rode of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,

Because I will not jumpe with common spirits,

And ranke me with the Barbarous multitudes.

Why then to thee thou silver treasure house,

Tell me once more what title thou doest beare;

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:

And well said to; for who shall go about

To couzen Fortune, and be honourable,

Without the stamp of merit, let none presume

To weare an undeserved dignity:

O that estates, degrees, and offices,

Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that cleare honour

Were purchast by the merit of the wearer,

How many then should cover that stand bare?

How many be commanded that command?

How much low peasantry would then be gleaned

From the true seed of honour? and how much honour

Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,

To be new varnish'd; well, but to my choyse.

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves,

I will assume desert; give me a key for this,

And instantly unlocke my fortunes heere.

Portia. Too

The Comicall Historie of

Portia. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Arag. VVhat's here! the pourtrait of a blinking Ideot,
Presenting me a Scedule: I will reade it.

How much unlike art thou to *Portia*?

How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?

Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.

Did I deserve no more than a fooles head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,

And of opposed natures. *Arag.* VVhat is here?

The Fire seven times tried this,

Seven times tryed that judgement is,

That did never choose amisse:

Some there be that shadowes kisse;

Such have but a shadowes blisse.

There be fooles alive. I wis,

Silver'd o're, and so was this.

Take what wife you will to bed,

I will ever be your head:

So be gone, you are shed.

Arag. Still more foole I shall appeare

By the time I linger here:

With one fooles head I came to wooe,

But I goe away with two.

Sweet adiew, Ile keepe my oath,

Patiently to beare my wroth.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:

O these deliberate fooles, when they doe choose,

They have their wisdom by their wit to loose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,

Hanging and wiving goes by destinie.

Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mess. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate

A young

the Merchant of Venice.

A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,

From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;

To wit, (besides commends and curious breath)

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seene

So likely an Embassadour of love.

A day in April never came so sweet

To show how costly Summer was at hand,

As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Portia. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard

Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,

Thou spendst such high day wit in praying him:

Come, come, *Nerrissa*, for I long to see

Quicke Cupids Post that comes so mannerly.

Nerrissa. Bassanio, Lord, Love if thy will it be.

Exeunt.

Solanio and Salarino.

Solanio. Now what newes on the Ryalto?

Salar. Why yet it lives there unchecked, that *Anthonio* hath a
ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow seas; the Goodwins I
thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where
the carcasses of many a tall ship lieburied, as they say, if my Gossip
Report be an honest woman of her word.

Solanio. I would she were as lying a Gossip in that, as ever
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleieve she wept for the
death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of pro-
lixity, or crossing the plain high way of talke, that the good *An-*
thonio, the honest *Anthonio*; O that I had a title good enough to
keepe his name company.

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Solanio. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Solanio. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the Devill crosse my
prayer, for heere he comes in the likenesse of a Jew. How now
Shylocke, what newes among the Merchants? *Enter Shylocke.*

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well, as you, of my daugh-
ters flight.

Salar. Thats certaine, I for my part knew the Taylor that
made the wings she flew withall,

E

Sol. And

The Comickall Historie of

Solan. And *Shylock* for his own part knew the bird was fledge, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damnd for it.

Salar. Thats certaine, if the Devill may be her Iudge.

Shy. My own flesh and bloud to rebell.

Sola. Out upon it old Carrion, rebels it at these yeares.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and my bloud.

Solari. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, then between Jet and Ivorie, more between your blouds, then there is between Red wine and Rennish: but tell us, do you heare whether *Anthonio* have had any lesse at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a beggar that was us'd to come so smug upon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me Usurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian currie, let him looke to his bond.

Solari. Why I am sure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh, whats that good for?

Shyl. To bait fish withall, if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge; he hath disgrac'd me; and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaine, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and whats his reason, I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes, hath not a Jew hands, organs, demensions, senses, affections, passions, fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Summer as a Christian is: if you prick us, do we not bleed, if you tickle us, do we not laugh; if you poyson us, do we not die, and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge, if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility, revenge? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why revenge? The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter

the Merchant of Venice.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my Master *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Saleri. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tuball.

Solanio. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, unlesse the Devill himselfe turne Iew. *Exeunt Gentlem.*

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genowa*, hast thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot find her.

Shylocke. Why there, there, there, there, a Diamond gone cost me two thousand Ducats in *Franckford*, the curse never fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thousand Ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels; I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her care: would she were hearst at my foot, and the Ducats in her Coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not whats spent in the search: why thou losse upon losse, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to find the theefe, and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no sighs, but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men have ill lucke to, *Anthonio*, as I heard, is in *Genowa*?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tuball. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it true.

Tuball. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wrak.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, heere in *Genowa*.

Tuball. Your daughter spent in *Genowa*, as I heard, one night fourescore Ducats.

Shy. Thou stickst a dagger in me, I shall never see my gold againe, fourescore Ducats at a sitting, fourescore Ducats.

Tuball. There came divers of *Anthonio's* creditors in my company to *Venice*, that sweare he cannot chuse but breake.

E 2

Shy. I

The Comicall Historie of

Shy. I am very glad of it, Ile plague him, Ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tuball. One of them shewed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a Monky.

Shy. Out upon her, thou torturest me *Tuball*, it was my Turkeys, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batchelor: I would not have given it for a wildernesse of Monkeys.

Tuball. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, thats true, thats very true, go *Tuball*, see mean Officer, bespeak him a fortnight before, I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will: go *Tuball*, and meet me at our Synagogue, go good *Tuball*, at our Synagogue *Tuball*.
Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traines.

Portia. I pray you tarry pause a day or two Before you hazzard; for in choosing wrong I loose your company; therefore forbear a while, There's something tells me (but it is not love) I would not loose you, and you know your selfe; Hate counsels not in such a quality; But lest you should not understand me well, And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought, I would detain you here some moneth or two Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to choose right; but then I am forsworne; So will I never be, so may you misse me; But if you do, youle make me with a sinne, That I had been forsworn: Be shrow your eyes, They have ore-looke me and divided me, One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours, Mine own I would say: but if mine then yours, And so all yours; O these naughty times Puts barres between the owners and their rights And so though yours, not yours; (prove it so) Let Fortune go to hell, not I. I speak too long; but tis to peize the time,

To

the Merchant of Venice.

To ceech it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me chuse;
For as I am, I live upon the racke.

Por. Upon the racke *Bassanio*, then confesse.
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me feare th'injoying of my Love;
There may as well be amity and life

Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. I, but I feare you speake upon the racke
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.

Por. Well then, confesse and live.

Bass. Confesse and love

Had been the very summe of my confession:
O happy torment when my torturer
Doth reach me answers for deliverance;
But let me to my fortune and the Caskets.

Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloofe;
Let musicke sound while he doth make his choyse,
Then if he loose he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musique. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
And warry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musique than? Then musique is
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day.

That creep into the dreaming Bride-groomes eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no lesse presence, but with much more love:

Then young *Alcides*, when he did redeme
The virgine tribute, payed by howling Troy
To the Sea monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian wives:

E 3

With

The Comicall Historie of

With bleared vilages come forth to view
The issue of th'exploit : Go *Hercules*,
Live thou, I live with much, much more dismay,
I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

*A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the Caskets,
to himselfe.*

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head;
How begot, how nourished? *Replie, replie.*
It is ingendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the Cradle where it lies,
Let us all ring Fancies knell,
He begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shewes be least themselves,
The world is still deceav'd with ornament:
In Law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voyce,
Obscures the show of evill. In religion,
What damned error but some sober brow
Will blesse it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with faire ornament:
There is no voyce so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whose hearts are all as false
As stayers of sand, weare yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward searcht, have lyvers white as milke,
And these assume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see tis purchast by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which makes such wanton gambals with the wind

Upon

the Merchant of Venice.

Upon supposed fairenesse, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea: the beauteous scarfe
Vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. I therefore then, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,
Thy palenesse moves me more then eloquence,
And heere chuse I, joy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire:
And shyddring feare, and green-eyed jealousy.
O love be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In measure reine thy joy, scant this excessse,
I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,
For feare I surfeit.

Bass. What find I heere?
Faile *Portias* counterfeit. What demy God
Hath come so neere creation? move these eyes?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with suger breath, so sweet a barre
Should sunder such sweet friends: heere in her haire
The Painter playes the Spyder, and hath woven
A golden mesh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faster then gnats in Cobwebs; but her eyes,
How could he see to do them? having made one,
He thinks it should have power to steale both his,
And leave it selfe unfurnisht: Yet looke how farre
The substance of my praise dorth wrong this shadow
In underprising it, so farre this shadow
Doth limpe behind the substance. Heres the scrowle,
The continent and summarie of my fortune,

Xen

The Comickall Historie of

*You that chuse not by the view
Chance as faire, and chuse as true :
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seeke no new,
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your blisse,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a loving kisse.*

*A gentle scroule : Faire Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to give, and to receave;
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes :
Hearing applause and vniuersall shour,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peales of praise be his or no :
So thrice faire Lady stand I, even so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Untill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.*

*Por. You see me Lord Bassanio where I stand,
Such as I am ; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish
To wish my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account : but the full summe of me
Is summe of something : which to terme in grosse,
Is an unlesson'd Girle, unschool'd, unpracticed;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learne : happier then this,
She is not bred so dull, but she can learne ;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Governour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted, But now I was the Lord*

Of

the Merchant of Venice.

*Of this faire mansion, master of my servants,
Queene ore my selfe : and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same my selfe
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruine of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.*

*Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Onely my blood speakes to you in my vaines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some Oration fairely spoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleased multitude.
Where every something being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, save of joy
Exprest, and not exprest : but when this Ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to say Bassanio's dead.*

*Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy, good joy, my Lord and Lady,*

*Gra. My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish :
For I am sure you can wish none from me :
And when your honours meane to solemnize
The bargaine of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married to.*

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*Grat. I thanke your Lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours :
You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid :
You lov'd, I lov'd for intermission.
No more pertains to me my Lord then you ;
Your fortune stood upon the Casket there,
And so did mine to as the matter falls :
For wooing heere untill I swet againe,
And swearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of love, at last, if promise last*

F

I goe

The Comickall Historie of

I got a promise of this faire one heere
To have her love : provided that your fortune
Archiev'd her mistres.

Por. Is this true *Nerrissa*?

Ner. Madam it is, so you stand pleas'd withall.

Bass. And do you *Gratiano* mean good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. Weel play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.

But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infideil?

What, and my old *Venecian* friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio
from Venice.

Bassa. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new intrest here
Have power to bid you welcome : by your leave,
I bid my friends and countrey men,
Sweet *Pertia* welcome.

Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thanke your honour; for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate me past all saying nay
To come with him along.

Sal. I did my Lord,
And I have reason for it, Signior *Antonio*.
Commends him to you.

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sick my Lord, unlesse it be in mind,
Nor well, unlesse in mind : his letter there
Will shew you his estate.

Gra. *Nerrissa*, cheer yond stranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand *Salerio*, whats the newes from *Venice*?
How doth that royall Merchant good *Antonio*?
I know he will be glad of our successe,

We

the Merchant of Venice.

We are the *Jafons*, we have wonne the fleece.

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same paper,
That steales the colour from *Bassanio's* cheekes,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man : what worse and worse?
With leave *Bassanio* I am halfe your selfe,
And I must have the halfe of any thing
That this same Paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet *Portia*,
Here are a few of the unpleasant't words
That ever blotted Paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ranne in my veines, I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true : and yet deere Lady
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse then nothing; for indeed
I have ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy,
To feed my meanes. Here is a Letter Lady,
The Paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life bloud. But is it true *Salerio*,
Hath all his ventures fail'd, what not one hit?
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico* and *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one Vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the *Jew*,
He vould not take it : never did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keen and greedy to confound a man.

F 2

He

The Comical Historie of

He pleyes the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the state
If they deny him Iustice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificos
Of greatest port have all perswaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of Iustice, and his Bond.

Iess. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his countrey-men,
That he would rather have *Antonio's* flesh
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him: and I know my lord,
If Law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poore *Antonio*.

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The deereft friend to mee, the kindest man,
The best conditiond and unwearied spirit
In doing curtesies: and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appeares,
Then any that drawes breath in *Italy*.

Por. What summe owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand Ducats.

Por. What no more, pay him six thousand, and deface the bond.
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a haire through *Bassanio's* fault.
First go with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend;
For never shall you lie by *Portia's* side
With an unquiet scule. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerissa*, and my selfe meane time
Will live as Maides and Widdowes; come away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will love you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet

the Merchant of Venice.

*Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscaried, my Creditors grow
cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in
paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleerd between you
and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your
pleasure, if your love do not perswade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love I dispatch all businesse and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Nor reft be interposer twixt us twaine.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Jew, and Salerio, and Antonio,
and the Taylor.*

Jew. Taylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lent out money gratis.

Taylor, looke to him.

Anth. Heare me yet good *Shyllocke*.

Jew. He have my bond, speak not against my bond,
I have sworne an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'st me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke shall grant me Iustice; I do wonder
Thou naughty Taylor that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

An. I pray thee heare me speak.

Jew. He have my bond, I will not heare thee speake,
He have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
He not be made a soft and dull eyde foole,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
To Christian intercessors: follow not,
He have no speaking, I will have my bond. *Exit Jew.*

Sal. It is the most impenetrable cure
That ever kept with men.

An. Let him alone,

He follow him no more with bootlesse prayers.
He seeks my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliverd him his forfeitures.

F 3.

Many

The Comicall Historie of

Many that have at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure the Duke will never grant
This forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of Law :
For the Commodity that strangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state,
Since that the Trade and Profit of the Citie
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore go,
These griefes and losses hath so bated me
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.
Well Iaylor on, pray God *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and a
man of Portia's.*

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of gold-like amitie, which appeares most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you send reliefe,
How deere a Lover of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke,
Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now : for in companions
That do converse and wast the time together,
Whose soules do beare an equall yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lymaments, of manners, and of spirit ;
Which makes me thinke that this *Antonio*
Being the bosome Lover of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed

In

the Merchant of Venice.

In purchasing the semblance of my soule ;
From out the state of hellish cruelty :
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it . heere other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Untill my Lords returne : for mine own part
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* here,
Untill her husband and my Lords returne.
There is a Monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my Love, and some necessary
Now layes upon me.

Loren. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Jessica*
In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

Lor. Faire thoughts and happy houres attend on you.

Jess. I wish your Ladiship all hearts content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you : fare you well *Jessica.* *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthasar*, as I have ever found thee honest true,
So let me find thee still : take this same letter,
And use thou all th' endeavour of a man,
In speed to *Manina*, see thou render this
Into my cousins hand Doctor *Belario*,
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Unto the Trane^{et}, to the common Ferry
Which Trades to *Venice* ; waste no time in word
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Baltha. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Por. Come on *Nerrissa*, I have worke in hand.

That

The Comicall Historie of

That you yet know not of ; wee see our husbands
Before they think of us ?

Nerrissa. Shall they see us ?

Portia. They shall *Nerrissa* : but in such a habite,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack ; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutred like young men,
Ile prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the braver grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reed-voice, and turne two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speake of frayes,
Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable Ladies fought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall : then Ile repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not killd them :
And twenty of these punie lyes Ile tell,
That men shall sweare I have discontinued schoole
Above a twelve-moneth : I have within my minde,
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging lackes,
Which I will practise.

Nerriss. Why, shall wee turne to men ?

Port. Fie, what a question's that ?
If thou wert nere a lewd Interpreter :
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole device,
When I am in my Coach, which stayes for us
At the Parke gate : and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day.

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clow. Yes truly ; for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to
be laid upon the Children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I
was alwayes plaine with you, and so now I speak my agitation of
the matter : therefore be of good cheere, for truly I think you are
damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and
that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Ies. And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

Clowne.

the Merchant of Venice.

Clown. Mary you may partly hope that your father got you
not, that you are not the Jewes daughter.

Iessica. That were a kind of bastard hope in deed, so the sinnes
of my mother should be visited upon me.

Clowne. Truly then I feare you are damn'd both by father and
mother : thus when I shun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Charibdis*
your mother ; well, you are gone both wayes.

Iessica. I shall be sav'd by my husband, he hath made me a
Christian ?

Clow. Truly the more too blame he, we were Christians enow
before, een as many as could well live one by another : this making
of Christians wil raise the price of hogs, if we grow all to be pork
eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Iessi. Ile tel my husband *Launcelet* what you say ; here he comes.

Loren. I shall grow jealous of you shortly *Launcelet*, if you thus
get my wife into corners.

Iessi. Nay, you need not feare us *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are
out, he tels me flatly there's no mercy for me in heaven, because
I am a Jewes daughter : and he sayes you are no good member of
the common-wealth, for in converting Jewes to Christians, you
raise the price of porke.

Loren. I shall answer that better to the common-wealth than
you can the getting up of the *Negroes* belly : the Moore is with
child by you *Launcelet*.

Clowne. It is much that the Moore should be more then rea-
son : but if she be lesse then an honest woman, she is indeed more
then I tooke her for.

Loren. How every foole can play upon the word, I think the
best grace of wit will shortly turne into silence, and discourse
grow commendable in none onely but Parrats ; go in sirra, bid
them prepare for dinner.

Clown. That is done sir, they have all stomacks.

Lor. Goodly Lord what a wit snapper are you, then bid them
prepare dinner.

Clown. That is done to sir, onely cover is the word.

Loren. Will you cover than sir ?

Clown. Not so sir neither, I know my duty.

Loren. Yet

The Comicall Historie of

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellowes, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner:

Clown. For the table sir, it shall be serv'd in, for the meat sir, it shall be cover'd, for your comming in to dinher sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall governe. *Exit. Clown.*

Loren. O deare discretion, how his words are suted, The foole hath planted in his memory An Armie of good words, and I do know A many fooles that stand in better place, Garnisht like him, that for a trickie word Desie the matter: how cheer'st thou *Jessica*? And now good sweet say thy opinion, How dost thou like the Lord *Bassanio's* wife?

Jes. Past all expressing, it is very meet The Lord *Bassanio* live an upright life: For having such a blessing in his Lady, He findes the joyes of heaven here on earth, And if on earth he do not meane it, In reason he should never come to heaven. Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match, And on the wager lay two earthly women, And *Portia* one: there must be something else Paund with the other, for the poore rude world Hath not her fellow.

Loren. Even such a husband Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jessi. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that.

Loren. I will anone, first let us go to dinner?

Jessi. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomack.

Loren. No, pray thee let it serve for table talke, Then how so ere thou speakest, mong other things, I shall digest it.

Jessi. Well, ile set you forth. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is *Antonio* heere?

Anth. Ready.

the Merchant of Venice.

Anth. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer A stony Adversary, an inhumane wretch, Uncapable of pittie, voyd, and empty From any dram of mercy.

Anth. I have heard Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate, And that no lawfull meanes can carry me Out of his envies reach, I do oppose My patience to his fury, and an arm'd To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit, The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one and call the Jew into the Court.

Salerio. He is ready at the dore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Duke. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.

Shylocke, the world thinks, and I thinke so to, That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice, To the last houre of act, and then tis thought Thouw'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange, Thaa is thy strange apparant cruelty; And where thou now exacts the penalty, Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh, Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture, But toucht with humane gentlenesse and love, Forgive a moytie of the principall, Glauncing an eye of pittie on his losses, That have of late so hudled on his backe, Enow to presse a royall Merchant down; And pluck commiseration of his state, From brasse bosomes, and rough hearts of flint, From stubborn Turkes, and Tartars never train'd To Offices of tender curtesie; We all expect a gentle answer Jew.

Jew. I have posselt your Grace of what I purpose, And by our holy Sabbaoth have I sworne To have the due and forfeit of my Bond,

G 2

If

The Comicall Historie of

If you deny it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather chuse to have
A weight of Carrion flesh, then to receive
Three thousand Ducats: Ile not answer that,
But say it is my humour, is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand Ducats
To have it baird? what, are you answered yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping Pig:
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat;
And others when the Bagpipe sings ith nose,
Cannot contain their Vrine for affection.
Masters of passion swayes it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes, now for your answer:
As there is no firme reason to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig:
Why he a harmlesse necessary Cat:
Why he a woollen bagpipe: but of force
Must yeeld to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himselfe being offended:
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing.
I beare *Antonio*, that I follow thus
A loosing sute against him: are you answered?
Bass. This is no answer thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.
Jew. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Jew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first?
Jew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent sting thee twice?
Anth. I pray you think you question with the *Jew*,
You may as well go stand upon the Beach,
And bid the maine flood bate his usuall height,
You may as well use question with the Woolfe,
Why he hath made the Ewe bleat for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines

To

the Merchant of Venice.

To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are tretten with the gusts of heaven:
You may as well do any thing most hard
As seeke to soften that then which what's harder:
His Jew ish heart? therefore I do beseech you
Make no more c'ss's, use no farther meanes,
But with all brieft and plaine conveniency
Let me have judgement, and the *Jew* his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand Ducats here is six.

Jew. If every Ducat in six thousand Ducats
Were in six parts; and every part a Ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my Bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy rendring none?

Jew. What judgement shall I dread doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchast slave,
Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them, shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heires?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their pallats
Be season'd with such viands: you will answer,
The slaves are ours, so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demaund of him
Is deerely bought, as mine, and I will have it:

If you deny me, fie upon your Law,
There is no force in the Decrees of *Venice*:
I stand for judgement, answer, shall I have it?

Duk. Upon my power I may dismisse this Court,
Unlesse *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to day?

Sal. My Lord, here staves without
A messenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua*.

Duke. Bring us the Letters. Call the Messenger.

Bass. Good cheere *Antonio*: what man, courage yet:
The *Jew* shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,

G 3

Ere

The Comical Historie of

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Anth. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
Meetest for death, the weakeſt kinde of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me;
You cannot better be imploy'd, *Baffanio*,
Then to live ſtill and write mine Epitaph?

Enter Nerriſſa.

Duke. Came you from *Padua* from *Bellario*?

Ner. From both: my *L. Bellario* greets your Grace.

Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

Jew. To cut the forfeiture from that Bankrout there.

Grat. Not on thy ſoule: but on thy ſoule harſh Jew,
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keene: but no mettle can,
No, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keenneſſe
Of thy ſharp envie: can no prayers pearce thee?

Jew. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

Grat. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog,
And for thy life let juſtice be accuſd;
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſoules of Animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men: Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane ſlaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell ſoule ſteer,
And whileſt thou layeſt in thy unhallowed darame;
Inſuſd it ſelfe in thee: for thy deſires
Are woolviſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.

Jew. Till thou canſt raile the ſcale from off my Bond,
Thou but offeſt thy lungs to ſpeake ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſſe ruine. I ſtand for Law.

Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer whether youle admit him.

Duke. With all my heart: ſome three or foure of you

Go

the Merchant of Venice.

Go give him courteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court ſhall heare *Bellario's* Letter.

Your Grace ſhall underſtand, that at the receipt of your Letter, I
am very ſicke, but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in lo-
ving viſitation was with me a yong Doctor of *Rome*, his name is
Balthazar: I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſie be-
tween the *Jew* and *Anthony* the Merchant; we turned ore many
books together, he is furniſhed with my opinion, which bettered
with his own learning, the greataeſſe whereof I cannot enough
commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your
Graces request in my ſtead. I beſeech you let his lack of yeares be
no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation, for I never
knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head: I leave him to your
Gracious acceptance, whoſe tryall ſhall better publiſh his com-
mendation.

Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Duke. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And here I take it is the Doctor come.

Give me your hand, come you from old *Bellario*?

Por. I did my Lord.

Duke. You are welcome, take your place:
Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this preſent queſtion in the Court?

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cauſe,
Which is the Merchant here? and which the *Jew*?

Duke. *Anthony*, and old *Shylocke*, both ſtand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?

Jew. *Shylocke* is my name.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſute you follow,
Yet in ſuch rule, that the *Venetian* Law
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. I, ſo he ſayes.

Por. Do you confeſſe the Bond?

An. I do.

Por. Then muſt the *Jew* be mercifull.

Shy. On what compulſion muſt I, tell me that?

Por. The

The Comickall Historie of

Por. The qualitie of mercy is not straine,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest,
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes.
Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
His scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and majestie,
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe;
And earthly power doth then shew likest gods,
When mercy seasons justice: therefore Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head, I crave the Law,
The penalty and forfeit of my Bond:

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore
On forfeit on my hands, my head, my heart;
If this will not suffice, it must appeare
That malice beares down truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the Law to your authority,
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell Devill of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a Decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example

Will

the Merchant of Venice.

Will rush into the state, it cannot be.

Shy. A *Daniel* come to judgement: yea a *Daniel*,
O wise young Judge, how I do honour thee.

Por. I pray you let me looke upon the Bond.

Shy. Here 'tis most reverend Doctor, here it is.

Por. *Shylocke*, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven,
Shall I lay perjury upon my soule?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why this Bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claime
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off,
Neerest the Merchants heart: be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the Bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenure,
It doth appeare you are a worthy Judge,
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well deserving Pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my soule I sweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me, I stay here on my Bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To give the judgement.

Por. Why than thus it is,
You must prepare your bosome for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge, O excellent young man.

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the Bond.

Jew. Tis very true: O wise and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou then thy looks?

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Jew. I, his breast,
So sayes the Bond, doth it not noble judge?
Neerest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so, are there ballance here to weigh the flesh?

Jew. I have them ready.

H

Por. Have

The Comickall Historie of

Por. Have by some Surgeon *Shilocke* on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Jew. Is it so nominated in the Bond?

Por. It is not so exprest, but what of that?
Twere good you do so much for charity.

Jew. I cannot finde it, tis not in the Bond.

Por. You Merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd;

Give me your hand *Bassanio*, fare you well,

Greeve not that I am false to this for you:

For herein Fortune shewes her selfe more kind.

Then is her custome: it is still her use

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty: from which lingring pennance

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife,

Tell her the proceste of *Antonio's* end,

Say how I lov'd you, I speak me faire in death:

And when the Tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Love:

Repent but you that you shall loose your friend,

And he repents not that he payes your debt:

For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

He pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. *Antonio*, I am married to a wife,

Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,

But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.

I would lose all, I sacrificize them all

Here to this Devill, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,

If she were by to heare you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, who I protest I love,

I would she were in heaven, so she could

Intreat some power to change this curish Jew.

Ner. Tis well you offer it behind her back,

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Jew. These

the Merchant of Venice.

Jew. These be the Christian husbands, I have a daughter,

Would any of the stocke of *Barrabas*

Had been her husband, rather then a Christian.

We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same Merchants flesh is thine,

The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Jew. Most rightfull Judge.

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,

The law allowes it, and the Court awards it.

Jew. Most learned judge, a sentence, come prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is some thing else,

This Bond doth give thee here no jot of blood,

The words expressly are a pound of flesh:

Take then thy Bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,

But in the cutting it, if thou doest shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are by the Lawes of *Venice* confiscate

Unto the State of *Venice*.

Grat. O upright Judge,

Marke Jew, O learned Judge.

Shy. Is that the Law?

Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:

For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd

Thou shalt have justice more then thou desir'st.

Grat. O learned judge, marke Jew, a learned judge.

Jew. I take his offer then, pay the bond thrice,

And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft, the Jew shall have all justice, soft no hast,

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Grat. O Jew, an upright Iudge, a learned Iudge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more,

But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,

Or lesse then a just pound, be it but so much

As makes it light or heavie in the substance,

Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale do turne

H 2

But

The Comicall Historie of

But in the estimation of a haire,
Thou dyest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Grat. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel Jew* :

Now Infidell I have you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause, take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principall, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee, here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He shall have meere justice and his Bond.

Grat. A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*,
I thanke thee Jew for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principall?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture
To be so taken at thy perill Jew.

Shy. Why then the Devill give him good of it?
He stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry Jew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the Lawes of *Venice*,

If it be prooved against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any Citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seaze on halfe his goods, the other halfe

Comes to the privie Coffer of the State,

And the offenders life lies in the mercy

Of the Duke onely, 'gainst all other voyce.

In which predicament I say thou standst:

For it appeares by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contrived against the very life

Of the defendant: and thou hast incurr'd

The danger formerly by me rehearst.

Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Grat. Beg that thou maist have leave to hang thy selfe,

And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the State,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord,

Therefore thou must be hang'd at the States charge.

Duke. That

the Merchant of Venice.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:

For halfe thy wealth it is *Anthonio's*,

The other halfe comes to the generall State,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. I for the State, not for *Anthonio*.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustaine my house: you take my life

When you do take the meanes whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him *Anthonio*?

Grat. A halter *grat*, nothing else for Gods sake.

Anth. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court,

To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,

I am content: so he will let me have

The other halfe in use, to render it

Upon his death unto the Gentleman

That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more, that for this favour

He presently become a Christian:

The other, that he do record a gift

Here in the Court, of all he dies possesse,

Unto his sonne *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant

The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence,

I am not well, send the deed after me,

And I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Grat. In christning shalt thou have two Godfathers;

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not to the Font. *Exit.*

Duke. Sir I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Graces pardon,

I must away this night toward *Padua*,

H 3

And

The Comickall Historie of

And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratifie this Gentleman;

For in my mind you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy Gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted

Of grievous penalties, in lie u whereof,

Three thousand Ducats due unto the Jew,

We freely cope your courteous paines withall.

Ant. And stand indebted over and above

In love and service to you ever more.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,

And I delivering you, am satisfied,

And therein do account my selfe well paid;

My minde was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you know me when we meet againe;

I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Deere sir, of force I must attempt you further,

Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,

Not as fee: grant me two things I pray you,

Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You presse me farre, and therefore I will yeeld;

Give me your Gloves, Ile weare them for your sake,

And for your love Ile take this Ring from you.

Do not draw back your hand, Ile take no more,

And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This Ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,

I will not shame my selfe to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but onely this,

And now me thinkes I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this then on the value;

The dearest Ring in *Venice* will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation,

Onely for this I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,

You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes

You teach me how a begger should be answered.

Bass. Good

the Merchant of Venice.

Bass. Good sir, this Ring was given me by my wife,

And when she put it on, she made me vow,

That I should neither sell, nor give, nor loose it.

Por. That excuse serves many men to save their gifts,

And it your wife be not a mad woman,

And know how well I have deserv'd this Ring,

She would not hold out enemy for ever,

For giving it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*

Ant. My L. *Bassanio*, let him have the Ring,

Let his deservings and my love withall

Be valued 'gainst your wives commandement.

Bass. Go *Gratiano*, runne and over-take him,

Give him the Ring, and bring him if thou canst

Unto *Antonio's* house, away, make hast. *Exit Gratiano.*

Come, you and I will thither presently,

And in the morning early will we both

Flie toward *Belmont*, come *Antonio*.

Exeunt.

Enter Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Jewes house out, give him this deed,

And let him signe it, wee'l away to night,

And be a day before our husbands home:

This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Grat. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane:

My Lord *Bassanio* upon more advice,

Hath sent you here this Ring, and doth intreat

Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be;

His Ring I do accept most thankfully,

And so I pray you tell him: furthermore,

I pray you shew my youth old *Shylocks* house.

Grat. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:

Ile see if I can get my husbands Ring,

Which I did make him sweare to keep for ever.

Por. Thou

The Comickall Historie of

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shall have old swearing
That they did give the Rings a way to men;
But weel out-face them, and out-sweare them to:
A way, make haste, thou knowest where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.
Enter Lorenzo and Iessica. (Exeunt.)

Lor. The Moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troilus me thinks mounted the *Trojan* walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Cressed* lay that night.

Iessi. In such a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dew,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dilmayed away.

Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Upon the wilde sea bankes, and wait her Love
To come againe to *Carthage*.

Iessi. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night
Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iew,
And with an unthrift Love did runne from *Venice*,
As farre as *Belmont*.

Iessi. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little throw)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.

Iessi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Messenger.

Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Messen. A

the Merchant of Venice.

Messen. A friend.

Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend?

Mess. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
My Mistresse will before the breake of day
Be here at *Belmont*; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prayes
For happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Mess. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you is my Master yet returned?

Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him;
But go we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the Mistres of the house.

Enter Clowne.

Clown. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho sola, sola.

Loren. Who calls?

Clown. Sola, did you see *M. Lorenzo*, and *M. Lorenzo*, sola, sola.

Loren. Leave hollowing man, heere.

Clown. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Heere.

Clown. Tell him there's a Post come from my Master, with his
horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere morning
sweet soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming,
And yet no matter: why should we go in?

My friend *Stephen*, signifie I pray you
Within the house, your Mistres is at hand,
And bring your musique foorth into the ayre.
How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this banke,

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musique
Creepe in our eares soft stilnesse, and the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmony:

Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heaven
Is thick inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst,

But in his motion like an Angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortall soules,

I

But

The Comickall Historie of

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot heare it :
Come hoe, and wake *Dianna* with a himne,
With sweetest tutes pearce your Mistres eare,
And draw her home with Musique. *Play Musique.*

Iessi. I am never merry when I heare sweet Musique.

Loren. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wilde and wanton heard,
Or race of youthfull and unhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hote condition of their blood,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any ayre of musique touch their eares,
You shall perceave them make a mutuall stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of Musique : therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since naught so stockish hard and full of rage,
But musique for the time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no musique in himsele,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Tenebris* :
Let no such man be trusted : marke the musique.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall :
How farre that little candle throwes his beames :
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the Moon shone we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dimme the lesse,
A substitute shines brightly as a King,
Untill a king be by, and then his state
Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters : musicke harke.

Ner. It is your musicke Madame of the house.

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
Me thinks it sounds much sweeter then by day.

Ner. Si.

the Merchant of Venice.

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke,
When neither is attended : and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day,
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musician then the Renne.

How many things by season, season'd are
To the right praise, and true perfection :
Peace, how the Moone sleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awak'd.

Loren. That is the voyce,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoe,
By the bad voyce.

Loren. Deere Lady welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands welfare,
Which speed we hope the better for our words :
Are they return'd ?

Loren. Madam, they are not yet :
But there is come a Messenger before,
To signifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerrissa*,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Iessica* nor you.

Loren. Your husband is at hand, I heare his trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Por. This night me thinks is but the day light sicke,
It lookes a little paler, tis a day,
Such as the day is when the Sunne is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walke in absence of the Sunne.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavie husband,
And never be *Bassanio* so for me,
But God fort all : you are welcome home my Lord.

I 2

Bass. I

The Comical Historie of

Bass. I thank you Madam, give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is *Antonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other wayes then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesie.

Grat. By yonder moone I sweare you do me wrong,
In faith I gave it to the Judges Clarke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Love so much at heart.

Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?

Grat. About a hoope of gold, a paltry Ring
That she did give me, whose posie was,
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talke you of the posie or the value:
You swore to me when I did give it you,
That you would weare it till your houre of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave.
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
You should have been respective, and have kept it,
Gave it a Judges Clarke: no god's my judge,
The Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Grat. He will, and if he live to be a man.

Nerrissa. I, if a woman live to be a man.

Grat. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Judges Clarke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wives first gift,
A thing stuck on with oathes upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my Love a Ring, and made him sweare

Never

the Merchant of Venice.

Never to part with it; and here he stands,
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world Masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of griefe,
And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it.

Grat. My Lord *Bassanio* gave his Ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserv'd it to: and then the boy his Clarke
That tooke some pains in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neither man nor master would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gave you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could adde a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so voyd is your false heart of truth.
By heaven I will nere come in your bed
Untill I see the Ring?

Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I againe see mine.

Bass. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When naught would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gave the Ring,
Or your own honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring:
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any termes of zeale, wanted the modesty

I 3

To

The Comicall Historie of

To urge the thing held as a ceremony :

Nerrissa teaches me what to beleefe,
He die for't, but some woman had the Ring.

Bass. No by my honour Madam, by my soule
No woman had it, but a Civill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducats of me,
And begg'd the Ring, the which I did denie him,
And suffered him to go displeas'd away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweet Lady,
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and courtesie,
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmere it : pardon me good Lady,
For by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I thinke you would have begg'd
The Ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come nere my house,
Since he hath got the jewell that I loved,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
He not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed :
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like *Argus*,
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour, Which is yet mine owne,
He have that Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his Clarke : therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well, do you so : let not me take him then,
For if I do, He marre the young Clarks Pen.

Anth. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grive not you, you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these many friends
I sweare to thee, even by thine own faire eyes,
Wherein I see my selfe.

Por. Marke

the Merchant of Venice.

Por. Marke you but that ;
In both mine eyes he doubly sees himselfe :
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but heare me :
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I never more will breake an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands Ring,
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
My soule upon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more breake faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety : give him this,
And bid him keep it better then the other.

Anth. Here Lord *Bassanio*, sweare to keep this Ring.

Bass. By heaven it is the same I gave the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him : pardon me *Bassanio*,
For by this Ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high wayes
In Sommer, where the wayes are faire enough.
What, are we Cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speake not so grossly, you are all amaz'd ;
Here is a Letter, reade it at your leasure,
It comes from *Padua* from *Bellario*,
There you shall find that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerrissa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* here
Shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,
And even but now return'd : I have not yet
Entred my house. *Antonio* you are welcome,
And I have better newes in store for you,
Then you expect : unseale this letter soone,
There you shall find three of your Argosies,
Are richly come to harbour sodainly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this Letter.

Ant.

The Comicall Historie of

Anh. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. I but the Clarke that never meanes to do it,
Unlesse he live untill he be a man.

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

An. (Sweet Lady) you have given me life and living;
For here I reade for certaine that my ships
Are safely come to Rode.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.

Ner. I, and Ile give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and *Iessica*,
From the rich Jew, a speciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies posselt of.

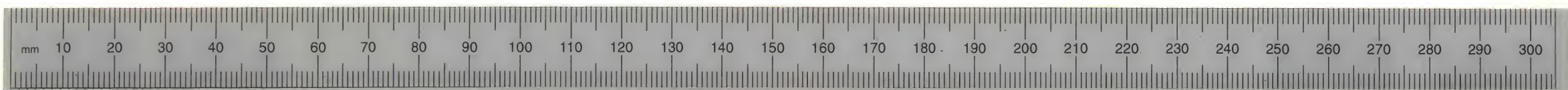
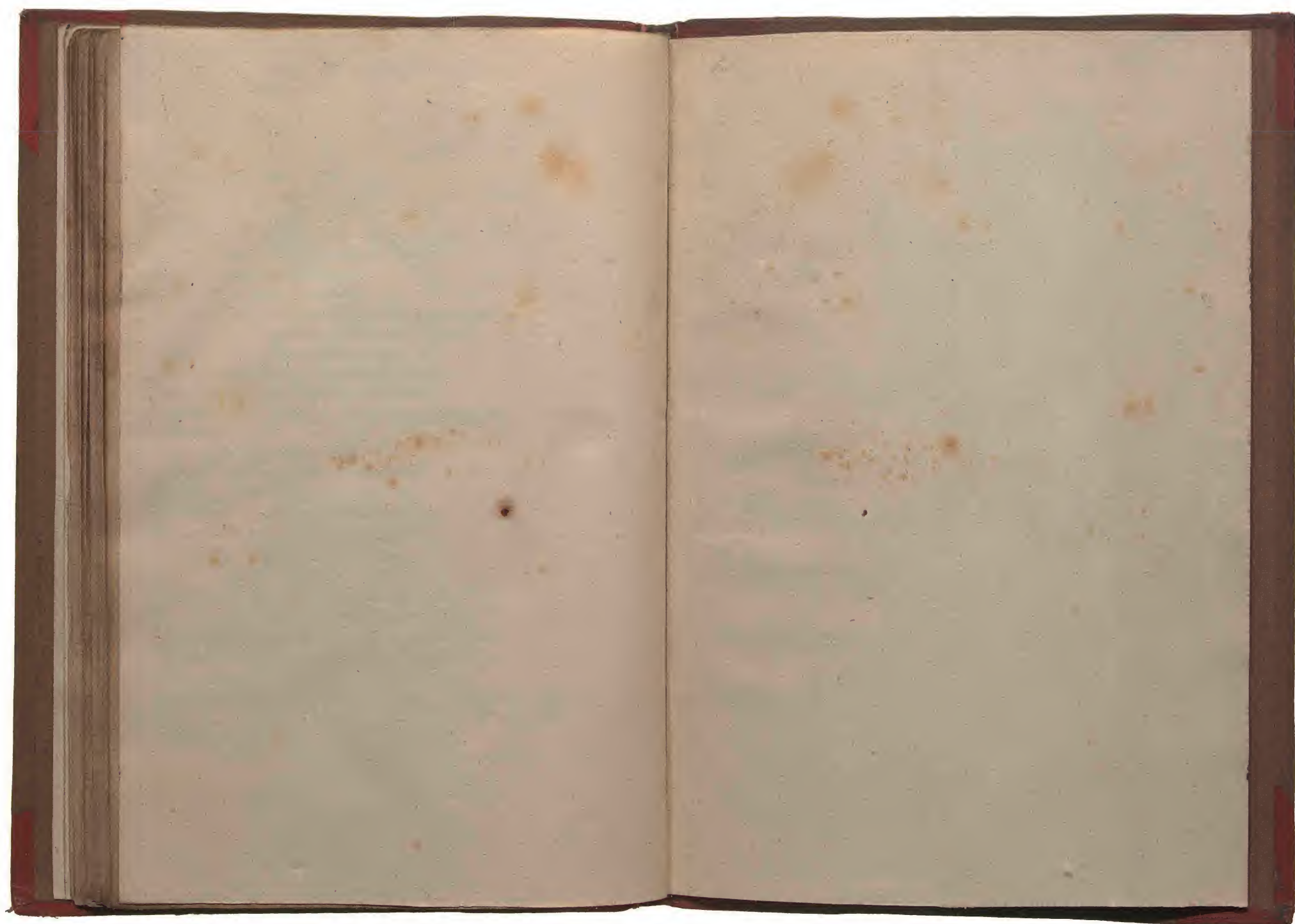
Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
Of starved people.

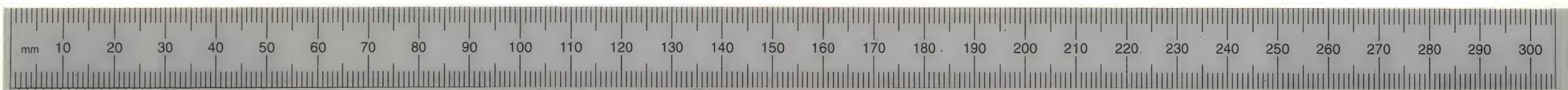
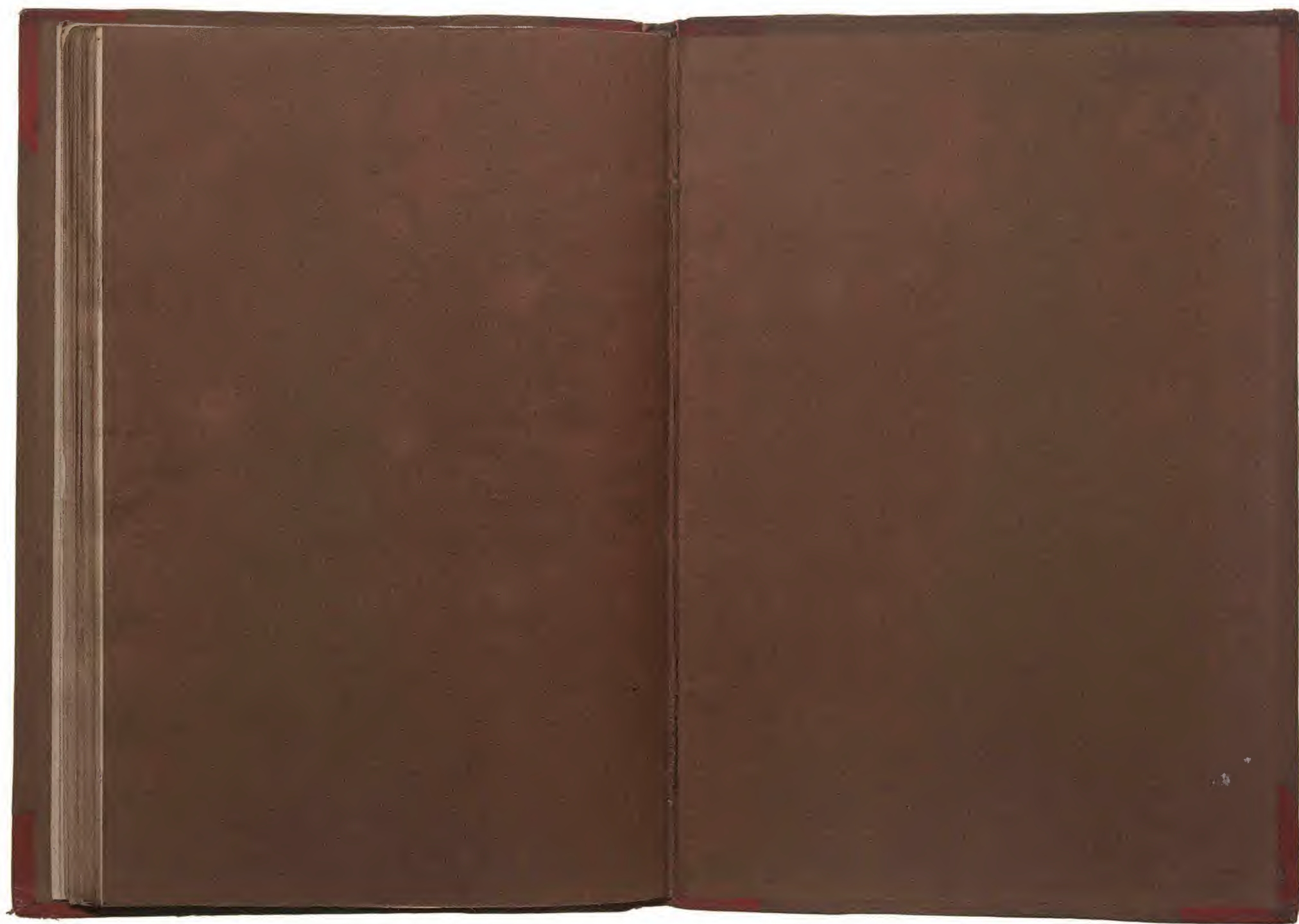
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

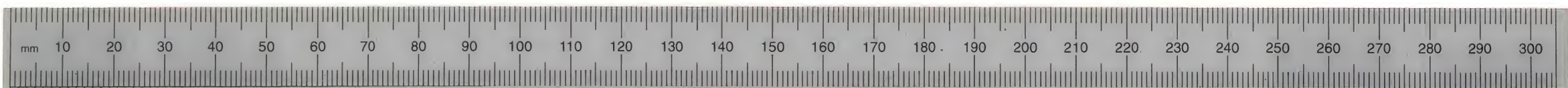
Grat. Let it be so, the first intergatory
That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two houres to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it darke
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I live, Ile feare no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissa's* Ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

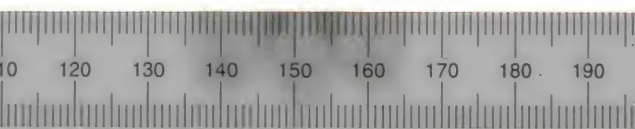






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MERCHANT OF VENICE 1637



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